LADIES AFTERNOON VISITOR.

VOLUME I. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1806. NUMBER 4.

NOVELTY.

ALBERT AND EMMA,

AN INTERESTING HISTORY.

IN a village, in the ſouth of France, lived a peaſant, whoſe only wealth conſiſted in thoſe poſſeſſions which adorn greatneſs and dignify poverty. He had acquired, by his integrity and induſtry, the approbation of the maſter whom he had long ſerved as under bailiff, and the eſteem of all his neighbors. In his hours of leiſure he delighted in the diſcharge of his parental duty, by cultivating the native graces of an only child. Emma, at the age of eighteen, was lovely in her perſon, gentle in her manners, and virtuous in her principles. Their cottage was the ſcene of ruſtic peace, and their little garden a bower of intermingled ſweets. Bernard had long ſerved, with fidelity and zeal, the marquis of Claiville, who poſſeſſed a ſumptuous chateau, and extenſive domains in the neighborhood--juſtice, generoſity, and innate excellence of heart, were his characteriſtics; and he was the idol of the ſurrounding country. Emma aſſiſted her father's honeſt toils, by employing herſelf in ſpinning and netting, which contributed to acquire thoſe comforts, that rendered them happy and contented.

The duty and affection of Emma was unparalleled: oft would ſhe climb the verdant ſteep, or wander in the ſilent vale, to wait the return of her father from his daily labors, when the evening ſun caſt its faint gleams upon the ſummer ſcene. Sometimes ſeated by this venerable ſire, ſhe diſcourſed with him on the virtues of her departed mother, whom fate had hurried from the world in the early infancy of her daughter; and they ſhed tears of ſorrow and regret to her loved memory. Sometimes, in the ſeaſons of feſtivity, Emma would join in the rural dance with the villagers, or chant her melodious notes to the ſoft flutes of the youthful peaſants.

How often has ſhe bleſs'd the coming day,
When toil relenting lent his tune to play,
And all the village train from labor free,
Led up their ſports beneath the ſpreading tree,
While many a paſtime circled in the ſhade,
The young contending, while the old ſurvey'd.

Such was the life led by Emma and her father;---but they were ſoon to experience a fatal calamity, in the death of the marquis de Clairville, whoſe loſs was univerſally lamented. For ſome days after his deceaſe the eyes of his tenants and dependants ceaſed not to flow with tears of gratitude and ſorrow.---. At the funeral of the marquis, conducted with all the pomp due to his rank, the inhabitants of the ſurrounding hamlets attended; grief was imprinted on on every countenance, and they followed the body in mute dejection. A young ſtranger returning to Switzerland from a tour, chanced to ſtrike out the road as he approached near the caſtle, tempted by the beauty of the long avenues which led to it. He reached the gates juſt as the mournful proceſſion was beginning to move. Enquiring the name of the deceaſed, one of the peaſants informed him that in their maſter, the marquis de Clairville, they had loſt the beſt of lords, and moſt generous of patrons; the tears which rolled down his cheeks as he ſpoke, gave evidence of his feelings: Albert diſmounted from his horſe, and giving charge of it to his ſervant, mingled with the peaſantry, and moving ſlowly, arrived with them at the church, about half a mile diſtant, where the remains of Clairville were to be interred in the vault of his anceſtors. He placed himſelf near the grave: before the ceremony was ended, and while a ſolemn dirge was chanting, he obſerved the mourners to fall back, and form on each ſide an opening, through which he beheld advancing a group of village maidens, with baſkets of flowers on their arms, which they ſtrewed in profuſion over the coffin. Albert's attention was ſoon attracted toward the loveliеſt object he had ever beheld; ſhe was diſtinguiſhed from her companions by a ſuperior elegance of mien and grace of features, ſhe wore a veſt of white ſtuff, fitted to her ſhape, and round her ſlender waiſt was bound a ſcarf of black gauze; a ſmall cap, whiter than Alpine ſnows, attempted in vain to confine her flaxen treſſes, which fell in waving ringlets on her ſhoulders, and ſtrayed over her fair forehead. When ſhe had emptied the fragrant contents of her baſket, ſhe bent on one knee upon the brink of the grave, then raiſing her tearful eyes of celeſtial blue to heaven, ſhe ſeemed to breathe a ſilent prayer for the ſoul of the departed marquis; then, accompanied by the village maidens, ſhe retired from the ſpot, paſſing through the vacancy which was again formed for them. Albert followed the ſweet mourner, who, bidding adieu to her aſſociates, moved down the church, looking round with anxious eyes, as if in queſt of ſome object intereſting to her affections. Suddenly ſhe ſprang towards a venerable old man who was tottering to the porch, and throwing around him her fair arms, ſhe ſupported him to a ſeat, where placing herſelf by him, they paſſed ſome moments in the eloquent ſilence of unaffected grief. Never had Albert beheld ſo beautiful a picture.---It was Emma, who ſupported on her boſom the ſilver head of Bernard, while from her eyes, tear after tear, in quick ſucceſſion dropped on his furrowed cheek! The ſtranger reſpected too much their mutual grief to interrupt it, and perceiving the funeral train returning from the grave, he accoſted one of the peaſants who was neareſt to him, and eagerly enquired the name of the fair maiden who ſeemed to lead the young group, that ſtrewed flowers at the grave. The peaſant gave, Albert every information which he wiſhed, and as the day was declining faſt, he offered the traveller a bed at his cottage, which being contiguous to that of Bernard proved a temptation not to be reſiſted. Honeſt Pierrot led Albert a ſhort cut through ſome fields, and after having recommended his gueſt to the attention of his wife, he haſtened to the caſtle gates, in queſt of the ſervant whom Albert had ordered to wait there his return. In this humble but neat dwelling, the young ſtranger determined to reſide ſome days, under pretence of exploring, at his leiſure, the extenſive domains of the caſtle, but in reality to introduce himſelf to the lovely Emma and her father. The impreſſion, which her artleſs beauty had made on his heart, was of ſo ſerious a nature, that he indulged the hopes of making her his wife, if he found, on acquaintance, her mind as charming as her perſon, & ſhe would accept his proffered vows.

We muſt make a ſhort digreſſion while we return to the ſtate of the family affairs of the late marquis, for ſome years before his deceaſe. He had been married, late in life, to an amiable woman, by whom he had an only ſon;—having paſſed the winter at Paris, he was unexpectedly called away to attend ſome important buſineſs at Clairville-caſtle; he ſet off immediately, leaving his lady and infant ſon, then about three years old, to follow. After the fatigues of a buſy day, on the evening that he expected the marchoineſs to arrive, he was waiting her approach upon a terrace which commanded his fine park. As his anxious eyes were turned toward the grand avanue, which led to the caſtle, he perceived one of the domeſtics who had been left to attend her advancing, with as much ſpeed as the tired ſtate of his horſe would allow.—The marquis haſtened towards him, to receive tidings of his beloved wife, but what were his ſenſations, when the ſervant informed him that the carriage of the marchoineſs and her retinue had been attacked by an armed banditti, who had ruſhed out of the wood about a league from the caſtle. The attendants who were likewiſe armed, ſurrounded the carriage, and for ſometime made a ſtout reſiſtance, but he had every reaſon to fear that, overpowered by numbers, they had ſcarce a chance of defending their miſtreſs from the fury of theſe aſſaſſins, and in all probability

they had fallen victims with her to the murderous ſwords of their aſſailants... The meſſenger of theſe dreadful tidings had been tempted by an early flight to eſcape to the caſtle, impelled by the feeble hope of gaining them ſome aſſiſtance, but the road being ſolitary, which led to the chateau, he had met no human being on his way. The marquis loſt no time in uſeleſs lemantations, but inſtantly arming himſelf and ſeveral of his brave domeſtics, who were ready to encounter any danger for ſo beloved a maſter, they mounted their horſes, and in a ſhort time reached the fatal ſpot. They here found a ſpectacle of horror ; the mangled bodies of the ſervants lay lifeleſs round tha carriage, in which the murdered marchoineſs and her two women remained, with wounds yet bleeding !—In the midſt of this deſolation, the marquis ſought in vain ſought in vain his infant ſon, whoſe abſence inſpired, amid his ſorrows, a ſecret and preſaging hope that he had been either reſcued or preſerved. He placed himſelf and his followers in ambuſcade in the wood for the remainder of the day, with a view to ſurpriſe the villains ſhould they return at night, and either revenge this horrid maſſacre or fall in the attempt : his hopes were vain ; the wretches fated with their bloody deeds, approached no more the fatal ſpot. Early on the enſuing morning, they began to remove the ſlaughtered victims ; they had been joined by all the neighbouring villagers, who aſſiſted in the ſad office. As they were raiſing ſome of the lifeleſs attendants, they were ſtartled by a groan from one of the bodies ; on an immediate ſearch they found a dying ſtranger, whom they concluded to be one of the banditti, who had fallen by the hands of the domeſtics, during the conteſt ; and who had probably, from being concealed under ſeveral dead bodies, eſcaped the recollection of the villains. They raiſed and ſupported the wounded wretch, hoping if he recovered, by the aſſiſtance of a ſurgeon who followed the marquis, by his orders, to this ſcene of death, and had in vain attempted to reſtore the marchoineſs and her unfortunate ſuite, they might obtain information of the fate of the young marquis. He ſeemed to revive a little by an effect which the attention had upon him. The marqus aſſiſted in ſupporting him while the ſurgeon poured a cordial down his throat.—His faculties in ſome degree appeared to return, he gazed on the marquis and attempted to ſpeak, but in vain.

(To be continued.)

ORIGINAL ESSAY.

For the Ladies Afternoon Visitor.

THE VISITOR.....No. II.

GENIUS is valuable only when accompanied by ſtability and firmneſs. Eminence is attainable only by reſolution and perſeverance. However bountiful nature may have been to us, if we poſſeſs a fickle mind, her gifts ſerve only to make our weakneſſes conſpicuous. One would naturally ſuppoſe, that firmneſs is the grand characteriſtic of genius ; that if one poſſeſſes talents, he could not be at a loſs how to employ them. But unfortunately, extravagance and indeciſion too often mark the man of genius. Conſcious that he poſſeſſes talents which may command reſpect in every ſituation, he does not labor to be eminent in any ; and the hiſtory of his life is a mere catalogue of broken reſolutions and deſigns unaccompliſhed. Hence it frequently happens, that while he is debating on what plan to purſue, a man of moderate talents, who is enterpriſing and perſevering will far outſtrip him and obtain the wealth and honors of the world.

Neceſſity compels moſt of us to exerciſe ſome art or profeſſion, if we would ſecure preſperity and reſpectability in ſociety. Our determination is formed by a proſpect of ſome peculiar advantage, by the wiſhes of our friends, or by certain prepoſſeſſions and feelings which have influence over us. But theſe motives frequently claſh with each other, and our determination is thereby retarded. The wiſhes of our friends may thwart our own inclinations, and our inclinations may be inconſiſtent with our intereſt. It would be well did ſome motive early influence us to adopt and ſtudy ſome particular profeſſion. For early induſtry will ſurely terminate in ſucceſs ; while doubt and indeciſion will only increaſe the difficulties of a choice, and may end in a deſpondency, which will make us worſe than uſeleſs.

I was led to make theſe obſervations, by conſidering the ſituation of a young friend of mine, who has lately quitted the Univerſity. He poſſeſſes handſome abilities, and has acquired an excellent education ; has a comprehenſive mind, a lively imagination and a good heart ; but unfortunately, is unſtable in his reſolutions. His laſt year at college was employed in making and altering plans for future life, yet when he graduated, he was undetermined what profeſſion to ſtudy, and I fear will ever remain ſo. Confident that he poſſeſſes talents, he is ambitious to rival excellence wherever he finds it ; is deſirous of purſuing the ſame path which has led others to eminence. but the difficulty is, he can be eminent only in one profeſſion, can purſue only one path at a time, and he ſpends all his time in deciding which he ſhall chooſe. He ſometimes returns from church after hearing a ſermon which is praiſed by all, determined to become a clergyman, firmly reſolved to commence he ſtudy of divinity immediatel, to become an exemplary character at once, and to be no longer amuſed by the trifles and follies of the world. On Monday he is invited to go to the theatre ; ſays he will not, for he has now choſen the profeſſion of Divinity, and is determined to devote his life to it. He is told it is a rational amuſement, and as ſuch, is conſiſtent with his profeſſion ; he finally thinks he will go to oblige his friend. At the theatre, the applauſes beſtowed on ſome performer whom he thinks he could excell, ſo animate and intoxicate him, that he comes home fixed on being a tragedian. This idea of becoming a ſtage-player, however, ſoon yields to his determination to ſtudy law, which will give his abilities greater ſcope, and afford him a better opportunity of gratifying his ambition than any other profeſſion. But before he has informed half his friends of this deciſion, he concludes that he had better be a merchant, amaſs a fortune in the twinkling of an eye, then retire from buſineſs, and live a life of literaby eaſe.—Thus he torments himſelf and his friends by his want of reſolution to form and adhere to ſome plan. Though he is qualified to command reſpect in whatever he ſhould attempt, he will probably paſs through time without attempting any thing ; and death will find him doubting what profeſſion ſhall employ his future life. L***.

For the Ladies Afternoon Viſitor.

Mr. EDITOR—HAVING taken an attic chamber, I ſhall as opportunity offers, ſend ſome extracts, &c. for inſertion in your paper, dedecated to the Fair-Sex. Nothing ſhall be given that will in any manner infringe on the "chaſte and manly" virtues ;—and if my aſſiſtance ſhould be the means of extending patronage to your infant publication, I ſhall experience a pleaſure, known to thoſe only who endeavour to promote ——— INDUSTRY.

MATRIMONY.

"Oh! happy they! the happieſt of their kind,
"Whom gentle ſtars unite, and in one fate
"Their hearts, their fortunes and their beings blend."

THE Matrimonial ſtate is one of the moſt important that mankind have to encounter this ſide of eternity—and it is treated by ſome as one of the moſt trivial.

Various have been the inſtances, that many have kneeled to the matrimonial altar, and at the ſame time unmindful of the conſequences, till too late—they did not look forward and weigh the many difficulties which the marriage ſtate embraces—they did not conſider their preſent, and perhaps eternal happineſs depended on this one ſtep—if they had, ſurely they would have taken time and looked well into the matter, and conſidered it as an important ſtep—a a ſtep which would terminate their happineſs or their miſery !

A virtuous woman is a bleſſing to her huſband—that this is correct, experience has taught us—ſhe looketh well to the ways of her houſehold—ſhe is not ſubſervient to the will of paſſion, ſhe is ever the ſame to her huſband, whether in proſperity or adverſity.

Have we not reaſon to ſuppoſe that marriages are too often concluded upon in haſte ? and the conſequence frequently proves very fatal—but I would not wiſh to diſcourage any one from entering into this, one of the ordinances of God—it is the duty o

every one, and a duty which ought not to be neglected; yet, I would adviſe all to take time, and conſider the affair well, that they may not have occaſion to repent when it is finally too late.

"Oh! Marriage! thou balm and rich ſweetner of life,
Kind parent of eaſe, and compoſer of ſtrife,
Without thee, alas! what are riches and pow'r
But empty deluſion, the joys of an hour.

When a man reflects on his own happineſs, and that of his future progeny, ſurely he will, or ought to be very careful to ſelect a partner worthy of his affection---and on the other hand, the female ought to be equally careful for her happineſs is alſo hazardous.

It is a truth which remains to be denied, that Woman is ſuperior to Man; therefore ſhe ought to be treated as ſuch: but this does not infer that the former ought to controul the latter---they ought each to balance the power---ſhe is her houſehold, he is his reſpective calling.

The female heart is not inſenſible oi the tender feelings of gratitude---their boſoms are not ſtrangers to the fond and innocent endearment of their offſpring---it is their pleaſure, and their duty, to inſtill into their young minds the principles of uſeful knowledge, by which means they will become worthy objects of mutual affection.

"However ſtrong," ſays an excellent author, "we may ſuppoſe the fondneſs of a father to his children, yet they will find more lively marks of tenderneſs in the boſom of the mother. There are no ties in nature to compare with thoſe which unite an affectionate mother to her children, when they repay her tenderneſs with obedience and love."

How important is the taſk to rear up a young family? Does not the care of the young, innocent and tender mind devolve principally upon the mother?--this is a moſt important charge----a charge which ſhould not be neglected; on which depends their happineſs here and hereafter.

"Delightful taſk to rear the tender thought,
"To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
"To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
"To breath th' enlivening ſpirit, and to fix
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt."

What can be more important, and at the ſame time more delightful, than to inſtill into the minds of the riſing generation the principles of the Saviour of our degraded world---to plant in their breaſts the ſeeds of virtue---to nouriſh and water them?

We frequently witneſs the bad effects of parents interfering and endeavoring to facilitate that affection which has been planted in the breaſts of a young pair. When the ſeeds of true affection have been ſown, and once watered, it is utterly impoſſible to make them wither and die. How often by the miſtaken ideas of parents, have young people been ruined, both male and female, by their endeavoring to change their affection, when it has been firmly placed upon an object, by which means they often throw them into a ſtate of infamity---and they will travel the road to eternity with a comparatively heavy load---when this is not the caſe, and thy are united to one on whom they did not, unreſervedly place their affaffection, they will not be happy---when the affection is once firmly fixed, it is a difficult taſk to remove it. Some parents are for fortune---others for birth---but it matters not ſo long as they are virtuous---ſo long as they nouriſh the ſeeds of virtue, ſo long will they be happy, and travel the road to eternity with pleaſure. Such can look back upon their paſt life with a ſmile, and look forward with the bleſſed hope of reſt.

"Around the happy nuptial bed,
"May heaven every bleſſing ſhed,
"And far remove all pain and ſtrife,
"And ſmooth the rugged path of life."

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For the Ladies Afternoon Viſitor.

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THEATRICAL.

"But he who filches from me my good name, &c."

TO effect reformation is the object of a judicious critic; & all criticiſm which tends not to the promotion of this effect, even allowing it to be juſt, ought to be deprecated; as it is injurious not only to the object which excites it, but eventually to every lover of the Drama. We may ſeverely criticiſe the performance of a player, and it may have a tendency to reform his errors; but the ſame opinion expreſſed in a different manner, might lead to his injury. It it not the *ſentiment*, but the *expreſſion* of the ſentiment which produces the good or evil end.—Was the opinion of a critic confined within the receſſes of his own breaſt, or to the paper on which he impreſſes it, and thus had no influence on the weak-minds of thoſe who peruſe it, it would have no injurious effect. But how many perſons are there who have no opinions of their own, until they are brought to iſſue by the judgment of the critic, and adopt every ſentiment whether juſt or unjuſt, reaſonable or unreaſonable. What inducement is there for a player to endeavor to excell, whoſe every effort is denounced with the comparative degres of bad, worſe, worſt? He ſickens at his taſk, and *juſtly* imprecates curſes on the head of him who would deprive him of his bread. He grows neglectful, he loſes his credit and reputation with the public—and the public are thereby deprived of the talents of a man, who by proper encouragement, might have greatly contributed to there amuſement.

We were drawn into theſe remarks, by the peruſal of the Critiques which form the ſubjects of the "*Ordeal,*" in a publication printed in this town, called the "*Emerald.*" At a peruſal of which, candor is diſguſted; for the author is ſo obſerving, that he diſcovers faults and errors, even where there are none! and is ever careful to conceal the beauties. What play has been performed this ſeaſon, in the action of which, no beauties were diſcovered? Not one. Yet *we* have the candor to allow, there may have been many defects. We are authorized to ſay, by a gentleman qualified to judge, that the "*School of Reform,*" the action of which, has been ſo ungenerouſly *ſcorched* by this "Firey Ordeal," is now performing at the Boſton Theatre, ſuperior far to the performance of it on the London Boards---and if this be the caſe, is not this an "Ordeal" indeed? Yes, and ſuch a one as few can paſs with honor to themſelves. But this is not all---not contented with attacking the public characters of the performers, another cerreſpondent has boldly aimed a blow at private reputation: The following quotation taken from a note attached to the 'Ordeal,' being part of a communication addreſſed to *Senex*, a writer in the *Centinel*, is a proof of my aſſertion:---

"Mrs. Powell muſt ſuſtain the firſt line in the profeſſion, to the excluſion of all talent which the known "liberality of the town may invite here---and why? "Becauſe during the *ſole* management of her huſband, "ſhe was the principal ornament of our ſtage".--- "Now we are very far from allowing even this, "but if it were true, ought it not rather to ſink the "head of the manager, than raiſe that of "his wife, ALREADY GIDDY WITH THE ELEVATION "OF SELF-CONCEIT."!!

Good God! has it come to this? Can reputation be thus handled with impunity, the reputation of a lady who has ever borne ſo exalted a character as Mrs. Powell? Would to God ſhe had an abler advocate, but her talents as an actreſs, and her character as a woman, do not require it. She ſtands ſo high in public eſtimation, that the baneful efforts of vindictive malice, combined with ill-natured prejudice can never effect her. JUSTICE.

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THE DRAMA.

IT is allowed by almoſt every one, that a good rational play, well performed, is an amuſement of the firſt kind. That the Managers of the Boſton Theatre have exerted themſelves to get a ſuperior company of players, and that they have ſucceeded is evident. Why then, it may be aſked, is all this abuſe heaped upon them by the author of the *Ordeal*, in the *Emerald?*—It is baſe, it is ungenerous, *and no gentleman can be the author of it.*

That writer's brutal attack on Mrs. Powell, in the laſt *Ordeal*, (as we conſider that any man who makes uſe of another's ſentiments adopts them,) the public will no doubt treat with that contempt which it deſerves; but the feelings of an amiable and much eſteemed actreſs ought not to be thus ſported with.—The perſon who would wantonly, and without provocation attack ſuch worth, muſt be callous to every feeling of humanity. The aſſertion that "Mrs. Powell muſt ſuſtain the firſt line in the profeſſion, to the excluſiion of all talents which the knowu liberality of the the town may invite here," *is falſe*, and the writer knew it to be ſo when he made the aſſertion; and that "ſhe is already giddy with the elevation of ſelf-conceit," is as infamouſly falſe. To have ſuch traſh palmed on the public for facts, is an impoſition which the friends of traduced innocence ought to correct. Mrs. Powell ever has been, and we truſt will long continue to be the favorite of the Boſton Stage. We mean not to depreciate the worth of Mrs. Stanley or any other actreſs, and it muſt be particularly grating to her feelings, to ſee the vile attempt that is made to ſound the clarion of her praiſe, by traducing the characters of others of equal worth.

From the firſt opening of the Theatre this ſeaſon, there has not been *one* play brought forward, which has not been condemned in part or in whole, by this writer; a reference to the numbers of the *Ordeal*, will convince any one of the truth of this aſſertion; and the performance of no play has quadrated with his ideas. This indiſcriminate condemnation of plays and players is a proof of the *liberality* of the author. He pretends to ſee what others do not ſee, & knows, what he imagines, is beyond the comprehenſion of others. He thinks he could teach a Coleman, a Moreton, a Cumberland and others, how plays ought to be written, a Caulfield, a Bernard, and a Dickenſon, how they ought to be performed!! If he is ſuch a *prodigy* in the Drama, why does he not gratify the public with ſome of his *maſterly* plays? It is his du-

ty to ſerve the public in the capacity of a play writer; but no, this he leaves to others, and takes upon himſelf the more deſpicable part of condemning what he cannot mend. CASTIGATOR.

EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

BOSTON:——DECEMBER 25——1806.

CHRISTMAS.

Owing to an accident happening in the office, no leſs than the breaking part of our form, and yeſterday having ſuch a quantity of *pye** to conſume before we could commence compoſing, that we were neceſſarily obliged to poſtpone the paper until this day. The ſame accident accounts for our uſing large letter in this day's paper.

* A technical term for broken matter.

We would ſimply aſk the Chief Judge of the Court of Criticiſm, what character Mrs. Stanley ever perſonated in *genteel comedy* at Covent Garden Theatre, as he ſays—"the taſte of Covent Garden "has added its great ſeal to her credentials in this "line?" If you cannot name one, the public will naturally conclude the aſſertion falſe, as likewiſe his whole communication dictated by malice and ill-nature. ☞ Mrs. Stanley can inform him, if he will take the pains to apply to her, that ſhe perſonated no other but *tragic* characters in that Theatre.

We perceived in the laſt *Emerald* a wanton attack not only on the *performance* of Mr. Uſher's *Lord Townley*, but he is accuſed of what not even his preateſt enemies can ever (with truth) lay to his charge, that of coming *imperfect* on the ſtage. Nor do we think it poſſible, from the merit of this gentleman's perforuances in general, that he *could* have been ſo groſsly miſtaken in the conception of the character, as the author of the *Ordeal* repreſents.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Eliza is received—and we are ſorry to ſay, it is too incorrect for inſertion. There is too often a repatition of an important word. We would however, adviſe her not to be diſcouraged, but to make another attempt, there are traces of genius to be diſcovered in this.

The friend who favored us with a number of proſe and poetical communications is entitled to our thanks; he is requeſted to continue his favors.

We preſent with pleaſure to the public the two Theatrical Communications, *Caſtigator & Juſtice*; they merit particular attention, as they are both written ten in defence of injured innocence.

The poetical communication, ſigned *William*, is *inſipid* in the extreme, which is a powerful argument againſt its introduction into the *Viſitor*.

POETRY.

For the LADIES AFTERNOON VISITOR.

Mr. FRENCH,

THE annexed poetry is an effuſion of the genius of a dear but departed friend. Deſirous of contributing to the work, you have ſo nobly undertaken, I offer as a tribute of reſpect, what was preſented to me as the offspring of friendſhip.

MUSEUS.

THE TRAVELLER.

THE trav'ller turn'd his head his ſhoulder o'er,
And for the footſteps liſts, now heard no more.
The bleak blaſt whiſtles through the bleached oak,
While in its rifted top the ravens croak;
A ruin ſtands, around whoſe mould'ring walls
The night ſhade dangles, and the ivy crawls,
Hard by the path, through which he winds his way,
Whoſe broken caſements lend no feeling ray,
Save when the ſtoried ſpirits vigils hold,
With which the beldame lullabies the old;
Or draws the younker circle round the blaze,
Which ſoon burns blue by fancy's magic maze.
A ſtately grove of aged pines grew here,
Whoſe cheerful green ſurvives the changing year,
Beneath theſe ſurly chiders of the winds,
He threw him down to reſt his weary limbs.
The rain ſoon patter'd on the ſtiff'nd leaf,
And the chill blaſt ſoon ſwept the open heath,
The traveller ſigh'd in concert with the ſtorm,
And ever and anon pray'd piteous for the morn;
But at the ruin as he caſt his eye,
Amidſt the gloom a figure did deſcry!
His hair like "living excrement" aroſe,
Swift and more ſwift the vital currant flows;
He raiſ'd his eye to view the midnight hag,
Her hair was matted, and her robe a rag;
Around the orbs where viſion holds her reign,
Sat horrid Hatred, with her fiery train;
Her knotty eyebrows cloſe, each other met,
And on her front a thouſand wrinkles ſet;
Her noſe melancholic, was long and thin,
And ſympathetic kiſs'd its neighbour chin,
At each alternate breath a cavern yawn'd,
In which a thouſand plagues continual ſpawn'd;
From this a flame ſulphurious ever curl'd,
Which gave hell's foretaſte to the ſick'nd world;
She mumbled to herſelf in gloomy mood,
While in her withered arms ſhe heap'd the wood;
Pick'd the dry peat, then halting lim'd away,
Not doom'd to ſcare the tenants of the day.
For now, the morn had kiſs'd her parent night,
And the pale planets, hurried from the light,
The traveller now delighted hail'd the day,
And riſing ſoon, again reſum' his way.

*** ——

MARRIED,

In this town, yeſterday morning, by the Rev. Mr. Murray, Mr. Samuel Smith, mer. of Bath, to Miſs. Martha Bacon, of Wrentham.

On Wedneſday evening laſt, by the Rev. Dr. Stillman, Mr. Thomas Holland, jun. to Miſs Hannah Alley, both of this town.

Laſt evening, by Dr. Stillman, Mr. James Bartlett, to Miſs Sally Thayer.

Mr. Joſhua Pico, to Miſs Sarrh Callender; Mr. Nathaniel Trowbridge, to Miſs Martha P. Hall.

At Wobourn, on Sunday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Chickering, Abner Bartlett, Eſq. to Miſs Sarah Baſſet Burges.

At Bradford, Mr. Aaron Hardy, merchant of Boſton, to Miſs Harriet Webſter, of the former place.

At Royalſton, Mr. Roger Chaſe, aged 72, to Miſs Catharine Clap, aged 24.

In Biddeford, on Sunday evening laſt, by the Rev. Mr. Webſter, Capt. Thomas Emery, to Miſs Mary Gray.

In Limington, Dr. Thomas Foſter, to Miſs Mary Dyer; Mr. Nathaniel Black, to Mrs. Mary Small; Mr. Elias M'Kenney, to Miſs Rachel Earl.

DIED,

In this town, on Wedneſday morning, Charles Eugene, ſon, of John Feſſenden, aged 19.

On Tueſday laſt, Mr. Aaron Eaton, aged 88.

On Wedneſday, Mr. Patrick Moore Kenny, aged 44.

On Tueſday, the 16th inſt. Mrs. E. Freeman, aged 35.

At Roxbury, Mrs. Patience Heath, aged 67.

At Wrentham, Mrs. Lucy Fiſher, aged 70.

New Printing Office.

EBEN. FRENCH,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he has opened at No. 6, *Court Street*, an entire *NEW PRINTING OFFICE*—and having recently purchaſed a new font of *ORNAMENTAL TYPE*, he pledges himſelf to perform all kinds of Letter Preſs

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Dec. 11, 1806.

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